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A

L E T T E R

F R O M T H E

ANONYMOUS AUTHOR of the LETTERS
VERSIFIED to the ANONYMOUS
WRITER of the MONITOR.

L O N D O N;

Printed for W. NICOLL in St. Paul's Church Yard.

M D C C L X I.



A LETTER from the Anonymous Author of the LETTERS VERSIFIED to the Anonymous Writer of the MONITOR.

S I R,

IF my Gratitude could conceal the Favours, with which You have lately honoured me, yet my Vanity would publish them. Though they were certainly as *Unsolicited*, as even a late Peceage and Pension, yet I will not give up all my Virtues to my Modesty, by acknowledging, that they were *as Unmerited*. No, Sir. I hope, I have deserved; I hope, I shall continue to deserve them. To be praised by a Man, who is himself an Object of Praise, is a certain Proof of our Merit, nor is it an inconsiderable Presumption in our Favour, that we are maligned and calumniated by the Man, who is himself an Object of Reproach and Contempt. What Obligations, therefore, do I not owe to Mr. Monitor? What an additional Pride and Pleasure is it to reflect, that I have had the Honour of being calumniated and maligned in the same Paper, in which a Right Honourable Person is injudiciously, and absurdly applauded?

BUT for what other Obligations, do I profess myself so sincerely grateful? For my Sake, Sir, You have neglected, for two whole

whole precious Weeks, your voluntary Occupation of watching over the State, *n: quid detrimenti capiat.* Then, You have distinguished me, by the most obliging Scurrility, from all my grub-bean Fellow-Scribblers. Here was no insulting Irony; no contemptuous Ridicule; nothing but the plain, manly, well-bred charge of *Falshood, Malice, Virulence, private Animosity, &c. &c.*

BUT the Many, who are such special Judges of Mr. Monitor's political Abilities, and the Merit of his Lucubrations; who are convinced, with Him, that He is the only Man, (*si bona venia dixerim, if one single Gentleman will forgive me*) who is capable of *serving his Country with Fidelity and Success;* of asserting the Liberties, and vindicating the Rights of his Fellow-Subjects; will they not be alarmed at his having deserted, abandoned, *forsaken, betrayed,* RESIGNED their Interests?

HAVING thus paid my Compliments in proper Form, give me Leave to assure You, that You cannot have a meaner Opinion, than I have, of my whole Pamphlet, both Prose and Verse, for I dare not call it Poetry. Then, with regard to the Measure, which has provoked your Indignation, it was really Matter, not of Choice, but Necessity. The Style and Expression of the Letters flowed so naturally, and by their own Musick, into Doggrel, that the Reader may find whole Lines, in the Version, of that sweet Harmony, unaltered, and as they stand in the Original.

As to *Malice, Hatred, &c.* by what I have observed of those bad Passions, they precipitately, by their own impetuous Nature, rush forward to the Gratification of their Wishes. They are not satisfied with any other Vengeance, than what they themselves can execute. They will not receive it from any other Hand. On the contray, I waited, although I confess, not without Impatience, in hopes some abler Man of Verse would snatch these extraordinary Epistles from Oblivion, and consecrate them to Immortality. Besides, I entered late into the Contest; when the Subject, fruitful as it was, and abundant, had been almost exhausted. Are there any

any Marks here of the violent, precipitate Spirit of Malice or Hatred?

YET while I disclaim these Passions, if I could imagine, that the Honourable Gentleman had either employed You to write, or assisted You in writing your two last Papers, believe me, Sir, *H^e* should feel, and *T^ro^r* should be convinced, that whatever I have hitherto said of Him, was the Language of Temper and Candour, of Tenderness and Compassion. I will not imagine it possible. Fallen, as he is, in the publick Esteem; supported, how Feebly! by only one Gentleman in the H — of C — ; and, unhappily, not possessed of the necessary Talents for writing, yet he cannot surely be so lamentably distressed, as to employ the Monitor's wretched Abilities to vindicate his Reputation, and restore him to the good Opinion of his Country. Has he placed his Confidence of Secrets, that highest Honour; that most indisputable Mark of Esteem, which Man can give to Man, has he placed it in such a — as the Monitor? Impossible.

As to *private Animosity*, how can a *profligate* Player — I wish, for *SOMEBODY*'s Sake, You had spared me that same Epithet of *profligate*, for fear an ill natured World may remember to whom, with some others of equal Delicacy, it has lately been applied. — Yet really, Sir, whence is it conceivable, that a poor Player should bear any private Animosity to a Gentleman of his Rank and Station? Has there been any Rivalship of Profession between us? *For all the World's a Stage, and all the Men and Women merely Players, and ONE MAN in his Time plays many Parts. He frets and struts his Hour upon the Stage, and now is heard no more.*

THE Honourable Gentleman, however, has a far better Right, than this universal Claim, to the Character of a Player. His theatrical Powers have been long acknowledged. Some twenty Years ago, Mr. Walpole rebuked him for a Pomp of Diction, a Vehemence of Gesture, that might, perhaps, have done Honour to a

Theatre, and a Tone of Voice, that tears a *Petticoat to Tatters*; to very Rags, to split the Ears of the Groundlings. His reply was inflamed with Rage, with Invectives, with Insults, (not dangerous to himself indeed, and therefore not greatly honourable) over Age and its Weakness. The Dignity and Dignity of the Senator; the correct and animated Action of the Orator, were ill exchanged for an expression of the Passions, that would have outraged even the Theatre. *I could have such a Fellow whipt*, says Hamlet, *for o'er doing-Terriagant, It cut-Herods Herod.* The pleasant old Man, (I fancy I see him still) took off his Wig, and stroking down his gray Hairs, answered our loud Haranguer, only with a Smile of Contempt.

SUCH has been the constant Tenour of the Gentleman's Oratory, from his entrance into Parliament, to that unhallowed Day, when all the Villains of Antiquity, all the Rogues of modern History, were raised from the dead, that he might collect Materials from all their Villainies, and all their Rogueries, to form a Character for the late Mr. H----Campbel.

YET now the honourable Person, no doubt, in right good Reason, and at least equal Modesty, complains, that he has lately been treated with too much Severity. I confess, most severely. But I beg leave to insinuate to his Honour, one of the maxims of Conduct in common Life, never to be violated; that he, who bears ill Treatment, without resenting it, deserves it. He was silent. But does he propose to solicit for an excluding Patent, (as indeed he has a Right to the Invention,) to abuse his M----y's Subjects, as

N O T E.

THE Speech, which is given in the parliamentary Debates to the Honourable Person upon this Occasion, and to which he owes no mean Share of his oratorial Reputation, was written in a Garret in the Strand by an Author, who, alas! is even now writing for

Bread. The purity of Language, the Accuracy of Style, the animated, yet decent, Spirit of this but Piece, will sufficiently prove, that it could not have been spoken or written by the Writer, of a late Letter to —— in the City.

Quacks

Quacks and Empyriicks do to poison them? It is, I confess, no in-judicious Project; and would be far more profitable to him, than his Pension.

IN my own, simple Opinion (for I know there are many, who differ from me) this outrageous Eloquence is in itself and in general, most unjustifiable; but surely, with regard to the Right Honourable Person, who introduced it into publick Debates, it may be firmly justified. To this licentious Eloquence, however, he has added every idea of Ridicule and Irony and Irony's contempt. Thus, very lately "The Honourable Gentleman, I hope, will re-consider before "he publishes his Code of ministerial Maxims, and takes his share "in GUIDING publick Matters." The assembly laughed. He made a gentle apology for the levity, with which he had treated a Subject of so much Importance. But as Irony generally proceeds from a certain Exultation and Triumph of the mind, it is not extremely well-suited to his present Situation, and he will probably never indulge his Genius in it again.

IN private Life, Sir, a Gentleman would not bear such Treatment, and live; or, at least, he must live in Contempt and Infamy. Not only the Rules of Urbanity and Politeness forbid it, but even the lowest of our People would not endure it. In one Place alone, such Language, as the Gentleman complains of, can be spoken with Impunity; in one Place alone, it is deemed sacred, and consecrated to the Genius of Liberty.

I FIND, I am wandering from the first and principal Intention of this Letter. Permit me, then, to ask, and pray, my good Mr. Monitor, if possible, answer me with Temper (for you are grown strangely passionate of late) why may not I write anonymously, as innocently as you. If it be a Crime, for which I am, (I presume you mean) ought to be ashamed of my Existence, can you vaunt yourself of yours? Shall it in me be deemed *Affiliation and Stabbing in the Dark*, that I have once expressed my Sentiments, *anonymously*, with regard to one, particular Gentleman's political Conduct,

duct, and shall it be held meritorious in Mr. Monitor to deal, *anonymously for half a dozen Years*, in universal Scandal? Is there a Man of Rank and Character in this Kingdom, except the Right Honourable, and his *patriotic* Friends (oh! how I honour the Name of Friendship) the *well-instructed* Alderman, and that Flower of City Knighthood, Sir James, whom you have not thus assassinated? Even in this present Paper, what right had you to abuse the Memory of the late Mr. P----y, without putting your Name to it? Is there not something worse than even Assassination, in thus disturbing the Ashes of the Dead; in bringing a Gentleman back from the Forgetfulness of the Grave; from a Darkness of Infamy, deeper than that of Death, to the dearly-purchased Title of the Earl of B---? Have you a better Right to the Infamy of *his* Name, than I have to *that* of Mr. P--? Why might not the *Right Honourable* Earl, if it were decent to suppose him still alive, be allowed to indulge his Genius, and amuse his old Age in writing his inoffensive Pamphlets, in support of those Rights and Liberties, which, in his Youth, he had falsely defended, and truly betrayed? Why should he not begin to enjoy, when Living, his Eternity of Infamy, when dead? What would I not give, that he were still alive?

BUT, Sir, because you excel in the Science of Defamation; because you have been cultivating, for Years, and improving those Talents for Slander, with which Nature hath so liberally endowed you, shall little Folks, like me, be discouraged in their first Attempts, or forbidden to exercise and cultivate their Genius in an humble Imitation of your Example? Shall your universal Scurrility be deemed Patriotism, and my giving my Opinion of only one Gentleman's political System, be called Assassination? I say my Opinion, for, I confess, I have not Mr. Monitor's supernatural Sagacity of looking into the Gentleman's Heart; nor will I hardly pronounce, that there are no other Inhabitants, there, but Inincerity, Arrogance and Ambition.

Yet

YET suppose, you had put your Name, in capital Dignity like that of my L--d T-- e, to your two last Papers, could it have given credit to Falsehood, or changed the eternal Truth of Facts? But you do not intend, I hope, to monopolize this nameless S. ribling; undoubtedly, not in exclusion of the two anonymous Writers of the Letters, lately written to the Publick. I ask his Pardon, the writer of the first Epistle has gallantly owned himself the Author of it. What has he gained by owning it? Has it corrected his innaccuracy of Expression, the grammatical Errors of his Style, or made atonement for his guiding Insolence? Has it regained the Confidence of the *Capricious* and *Ungenerous*, who had withdrawn their good Opinion from him, or has it given us a more favourable Idea of his Judgement in publishing such a crude, undigested Composition? In one short Question, was he believed in the Account he gave of his Resignation?

BUT besides my *Hatred, Malice and private Animosity*, you have ingeniously found out another reason for the *Virulence* of this provoking Pamphlet: it proposes *to prevent the Restoration of those Counsellors and Councils* (Counsels, I suppose you mean) *which only can defeat the Intrigues of our Enemies.* * I confess, if I may be permitted

N O T E.

* THE beggarly account of empty Boxes, that sets up an Apothecary, is a Treasury of Health, if compared to the Library of Learning and Knowledge, in which our Author vends his political Maxims to the People. I do not mean by the Comparison, that they equally deal in adulterated Drugs, and maintain a miserable Being by poisoning the Constitutions and vitiating the Minds of his M---y's Subjects. Yet behold this same Mr. Monitor, who opened Shop under the Protection and Patronage of our Alderman, unquestionable Judge of merit and Abilities; who, for Years, has

laboriously earned a wretched Livelihood by his weekly two pennyworth of Politicks; who made his first appearance, as the Champion of the Tories Loyalty, and is now become the Dimmock, who throws down his Gauntlet in defence of the late Secretary's Wisdom and Virtue; who gives the Publick the *strongest assurances* of his being the Bosom-Confidant of the Gentleman's Secrets. I can easily forgive his not knowing the difference between *Consilium* and *Concilium*, but not to know the difference between *Counsel* and *Council* in his mother Tongue is rather unpardonable. Let *phancy* be allowed
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mitted to use your strongly figurative Expression, I would *move Heaven and Earth*, to prevent such a Restoration; because, I dread his Counsels, and detest his Principles. But I really never once dreamt; it never entered into my Head, nor, I believe, into any other Man's but yours, to conceive, that such a Restoration, was, I will not say, probable, but even possible.

IF I were asked, why I so much detest the thought of the return of this Counsellor and his Counsels into Power, I refer you to his own Letter, in which he has, *undoubtedly with much Discretion*, convinced the World, in what manner he means to exercise that Power. I refer you to the Letters in the Gazetteer, which so highly provoked your Anger, that you hallooed your mob of Patriots to his Destruction, because he had presumed to publish some Opinions, that seemed to profane the Worship of your Idol. Lastly, Sir, I refer you to Mr. M----t and his Considerations on the War in Germany; an Author, whom you should, at least, attempt to an-

N O T E.

allowed a new mode of Spelling, yet *uninstructed* must be the deplorable Ignorance of his original Education. 'Tho' I congratulate him, and the Liberty of the Press, that he has not yet been instructed to spell the word *Indictment*, yet I would advise him to live in prudent Terroir of its meaning.

BUT if he does not understand the meaning of old Words, he makes ample amends to the Language by a most inventive Genius in forming new ones. For instance, in these two Papers, for I confine all my remarks to these Papers, we find *grubbean*, *patriotic*, *Re-peeler*, (new, both in Sense and Spelling,) *dissembarrassed*, in flattering Imitation, I presume, of a certain Right Honourable's *unembarrassed*. Then, the inexplicable confusion of his Style; the

ungrammatical Jargon of his Expression-- but I really sink under the Fatigue and Shame of criticising such a Writer. Can it be then imagined that Mr. P--- employs this Man; intrusts him with the Defence of his Reputation, and honours him with a confidence of Secrets. I do here acquit him, from my very Soul, even of a Suspicion of this kind. Yet I am not ignorant to what Vilencies Ambition and Insolence can descend for the gratification of some favourite purpose. A School-Boy would give us the Image of Virgil's Tree, which, in proportion, as it raises its branches to Heaven *tantum radices ad tartara mittit*. But I am so truly depressed with toiling and labouring through this Note, that I have not Spirits enough to indulge to poetical Imagery and Allusions.

ever,

swer, if answerable, and not throw away your precious Time in abusing my poor, trivial Pamphlet, or rather in abusing the Writer of it. I may, perhaps, be able to pull off his Mask, and expose to Ridicule the interested Patriot, the pompous Pensioner, and the Insignificant, struggling for power. But Mr. M----t shews by Facts and Arguments, forcibly urged, and strongly conclusive, that we are brought to the very brink of Destruction, nor have any other mean of Salvation left, but that of instantly turning out of that German Path, into which this Madman hath hurried us.

BUT if the Honourable Gentleman's own Affeversations of his Love for his Country were not believed; if, on the contrary, the Solemnity, with which he uttered those Affeversations, was an addition of Horrour to the suspicion of un-truth, what Credit can our anonymous Monitor expect, when *with the strongest assurance to the Publick he can declare, there is no Letter in being to a noble Duke, &c.* His assurance never was doubted; it must hereafter be for ever acknowledged. But should any Man declare, thus positively, that another never committed such or such a Crime? Is a Negative capable of such strong Affirmation? Would it be received in a Court of Justice? Is Ignorance a proof of Knowledge? *His strongest assurance,* therefore, can only amount to his not knowing.

LET us suppose, our worthiest Alderman, and that other Citizen, Sir James, had given to Mr. Monitor their *strongest assurance*, that such a Letter never was written. What will it produce, but his Belief, his reliance on their Veracity. They are themselves incapable of knowing, what they assert thus boldly, and the Fact is in itself, incapable of any other negative Evidence, except the denial of the Person, who is supposed to have written, and the noble Duke, who is supposed to have received it. Your anonymous Assertion of the falsehood of it will only prove, that you are cursedly vexed at my anonymous Discovery of it. But may I presume to ask, by whom you are authorised to give this *strongest assurance?* Would you insinuate, that you have the Right Honourable Person's Authority?

thority? certainly, no other can be of any Validity, nor will even this be decisive. I know the power of Ambition; to what meanness it can subdue the Mind, and what Crimes it can commit, in hopes of recovering the Place or Employment it has lost. I know the difference between a political and a moral Conscience; a difference as great, as that between a political and personal Courage, the publick Language of a certain House, and the private conversation of Gentlemen.

BUT if he can hazard the giving the Monitor this nameless Authority, why not disavow the Letter himself? Is such a disavowal beneath his Dignity? Can any method of vindicating our Reputation be dishonourable? Would it not give him much Advantage against all future Calumnies, and even render it unnecessary to deny the reality of any Errors, with which he may be hereafter charged? Would a short Advertisement, in any one publick Paper, given in Writing, and, in his own new mode of Expression, *signed by him*, would it lessen the Ideas, which he has conceived, how modestly! of his own Importance? Could it expose him to the Ignominy of entering into a Contest with an unknown Scribler, who yet is known to be a profligate Player?

I CANNOT tell, what conceptions of his own Superiority the Gentleman may have formed, but for my single self, I never will acknowledge any Man to be my Superior, except the Man, from whom I have received an Obligation. My Benefactor is indeed my natural Superior, and in Society, whoever hath a more enlarged Spirit to do good, and is blessed by Heaven with a larger Power to indulge it, is indeed my Superior, and I will rejoice in his Superiority. But never will I bow myself to the casual advantages of Birth or Riches; of Honours, falsely so called, or Employments, wrested by force out of the Hand of the Sovereign by a bold and bad Ambition; never to mere Abilities, which may be over-rated by Insolence, or impiously employed in the Destruction or Oppression of Mankind. With regard to Mr. P--- I paid him, while he was in Office, that respect, which was due to his Station, and which

which I shall ever pay to every Magistrate of my Country. He is now my Fellow-Subject, and this his highest Title. That of *Right Honourable* will hereafter, for he surely never shall be called to Council, be as useless to him, while alive, as the Hatchment over his Door, when dead; the melancholy, gaudy Remembrances, that he was once alive, and in Office.

PERHAPS, the Gentleman may be apprehensive, and certainly not without reason, that his disavowal of this Letter will not be believed. Indeed, he has lately made some unfortunate experiments on the credulity of Mankind. Yet many well-meaning folks, whom he has, rather ungratefully, called credulous and weak, will give him their goodnatured Belief. Even I, were I not convinced by proofs that cannot lie, would willingly give credit to his affirming, for, like him, *I love the People, who affirm.* Till then, the matter must rest upon your anonymous Assertion and mine; with this presumption, however, in my Favour, that I may possibly know, that what I thus assert is true, while you cannot know it to be false. Let me add, that what, in regard to his own Reputation, the satisfaction of the Publick, and, according to his own expression, *for the Honour of Truth,* he ought to deny, will certainly be taken for granted.

NOT to contradict a Fact of this Importance must be deemed a tacit Acknowledgement of it; or rather, in somewhat like his figurative Language, his silence will speak, yes, and loudly too, against him. Even his own Eloquence, when vouching the Wisdom and Integrity of his Measures, was never half so convincing. As for me, I frankly confess, it would be most imprudent to discover, either with or without a Name, by what chance I became

possessed of this Secret. It is not however less true, because I became possessed of it by chance.

I HAVE endeavoured to place this affair in a stronger point of view, that the Honourable Person may see how much it concerns his Reputation to give the World the best assurances in his Power, of the falsehood of this Letter. As you are an inward of the Gentleman's, and admitted to his Councils, You should advise him to assure the World, upon his Honour, that he never at any time wrote such a Letter, as I have hinted at, to the noble Duke.

THEN, if you are sincerely anxious for his good fame, you will gratefully accept the following proposal. It is, in my opinion, fair and equitable, nor can it be suspected either of malice or hatred, or of private Animosity. Let the noble Duke be solicited to give the sanction of his Honour to that of the Right Honourable Person, Every Man, who knows his Grace, whether his friend or his enemy, will readily believe, that he will instantly deny his having received the Letter I mean, if he can with truth deny it. No doubt, but he will generously bear this testimony to truth, even in favour of a Man, by whom he has been most injuriously and ungratefully treated. Let this accusation *too be remembered*, and let me be called upon to prove it.

I MUST, however, premise what kind of denial, I think the Publick, for as to myself I am perfectly satisfied, have a right to expect. Not a denial of some trivial circumstances, whether the Letter was dated from Bath or Mr. Allen's; whether it was written five, six, or seven years ago, but whether a Letter, soliciting the noble Duke either for a pension or a patent place, as a reward

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for his services, a support for his infirm state of health, and a quieting draught for a turbulent, interested spirit, was ever written by the Right Honourable Person to his Grace. Till then, I shall positively assert the reality of such a Letter, nor despair of being permitted to give the Publick some better assurance of that reality, than my bare assertion.

His Grace has dealt too much in Corruption to be free in the discovery of such Applications. I dare believe, he is truly concerned, that the Secret is known; but it is known to so many People, besides me, that even his Goodnature cannot be tempted to comply with the Request of denying it. The matter must therefore rest, at present, upon our anonymous Assertions.

BUT is there not another Letter, still in Being, (I will not affirm, that there is, because I never saw it) in which the Honourable Person congratulates a certain Lady, upon her receiving a Pension, at the Beginning of this Reign, and to which this Postscript was added —— *I could however have wished, that the words Pitt and Pension had never come together.* With how much delicacy do we feel, where the Honour of others is concerned, and with how much Propriety might that Postscript be used upon a late Occasion, where Self had entirely got the better of that Delicacy?

I HAVE charged the Gentleman with having treated the noble Duke most ungratefully, and as I think Ingratitude is the meanest, basest Vice of a depraved Heart, I should hold it criminal in me, not to give him the earliest opportunity of vindicating his Reputation from such a Charge. Let the World pronounce Judgement upon
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the following Fact. His Grace gave the Right Honourable Person a Seat in the last Parliament, for a Borough in Yorkshire, and had him chosen without Trouble or Expence. From that very Seat, so given to him, did the Honourable Gentleman personally and scurrilously abuse his Benefactor, as well as violently oppose his German Measures. Is not this an instance, detestable and horrible, of that Truth, in which you and I so happily agree; that the Gentleman *is uninfluenced by any Obligations?* Is not this instance a Proof of the difference, I have mentioned, between a political and a moral Conscience? Would not a Gentleman shudder at the thought of such Ingratitude? Is not the Politician guilty of it, with an open, unblushing, unembarrassed Countenance?

YET Mr. Monitor — thou shameless Perverter of all Ideas, political or moral----will glory, will triumph, in this Story. He will exalt, by the Power of his Eloquence, this vilest of all human Vices, Ingratitude, a Vice, that has not even the Ingenuity of blushing, into the noblest of all human Virtues, the Love of our Country. If he could be supposed ever to have read Tully, we should be informed, that the Love of our Country includes all the Relations, Charities, Obligations of human Nature. Yet before he indulges to his Genius for Declamation, I would advise him to answer this one plain Question; if the Gentleman, in the Spirit of Patriotism opposed the noble Duke in his German Measures, by what kind of Spirit was he actuated, when he afterwards joined with his Grace in Administration; when he not only supported those measures, but carried them from, perhaps, a salutary Medium to the most ruinous Extreme?

LET me now, Mr. Monitor, let me, with earnestness, desire your attention. When you charge me with malice, hatred, private Animosity, I look into my own breast, and find you are mistaken. I do not resent the mistake, because I do not feel myself injured. When you misquote my words, upon any common Subject; when you compel me to spell your spelling; to write your ungrammatical Jargon, I never inquire, whether you have done it willfully or wittingly, and only acknowledge the usual arts of almost all party writers. But when you accuse me of talking irreverently of my Sovereign, neither the consciousness of my own innocence, nor the contempt, with which I have ever regarded the Author of such an accusation, can make me bear it with temper. I better know the respect due to the Publick, than to call any Man a liar in their presence, yet if these words, *we should look upon the royal favour as an* ---- I dare not repeat the rest ---- are in any Edition of my Pamphlet, I will submit to be called, what, even thus provoked, I will not call the Monitor. Yet they are marked as mine, and ushered in with a *continues he* (speaking of the Writer of the Pamphlet) as if these Words were a Conclusion drawn from some fore-going Arguments. The Expression, which Mr. Monitor in the miserable wretchedness of his understanding condemns as an Outrage to M---y, was originally Mr. Pitt's, and his the Application of it. "The most gracious Marks of his Majesty's Approbation of my Services ---- have been *infamously traduced, as a Bargain*, for my forsaking the Publick." That I repeated in Jest, what he first said in Earnest, is the only difference between us. But Irony, Mr. Monitor, (I confess and have experienced it,) is a self-dangerous Weapon in the Hands of an Author, who cannot depend upon the Apprehension of his Readers;

ders; who has no better hopes of its Success, than that fine Observation in Mr. Pope, more truly valuable than a thousand Verses,
For gentle Dullness ever lov'd a Joke.

BUT did Mr. Pitt intend by this Expression to outrage the Virtue of his Sovereign? I presume, that my Testimony, in the Gentleman's Favour, will be of some Weight, for I believe, I am not suspected of being too partial to his Virtues, or too indulgent to his Errors. I therefore acquit him most sincerely of such an Intention, and although I have not conceived the highest Ideas of his Understanding, I will not think so meanly of it, as to imagine, that he can agree with his Monitor in this Assertion, *if it, (this entering into a Bargain) was infamous and betraying in the Receiver, it was not less in the Giver.* I will not stop to make any Remarks upon the Jargon of this Sentence, but rather suppose the Writer meant, that if the Person, who receives a *Pension*, is infamous, there must be equal Infamy imputed to the Giver. I hope, our guiding Minister, when he was in Busines, had other ideas of Treachery and Infamy. Yet when I recollect the total Ignorance of our Admirals and Generals in every Circumstance, with regard to their Landing and the Strength of the Country, in their attempts upon the Coast of France, and the dearly-purchased, worthless Belleisle, I cannot help suspecting, that these romantick Expeditions were planned upon a virtuous Contempt of buying Intelligence.

SURELY, however, this maxim is false in itself; in a thousand instances false. To what other purpose is Money allotted for secret Service, than to purchase Villains to betray their Country? I hope our General, Duke Ferdinand, does not think such Purchase
dishonourable

dishonourable or infamous, The King of Prussia, for whose Character our Orator could not find any Expression in the English Language (I heartily wish the Gentleman would study the Force of our Language, rather than increase the number of its Words) and therefore was obliged to apply to Horace for his *adverfis rerum immortabilis undis* ---- I say, the King of Prussia would have laughed at this too moral Maxim, when he was buying a Traitor to discover to him the Secrets of the Court of Dresden. In a more familiar Instance. Mr. Monitor is hired to abuse, in bitterness of Calumny, whoever does not render a fenseless, superstitious Worship to the Idol of Mr. B ---- d's Devotion. The Persons, who pay this Hireling his miserable *Pension*, are undoubtedly as infamous as he is.

BUT if we could suppose, what is impossible to suppose, that they bought this Wretch for any purpose of Service to their Country, then would they be justly honored and applauded, while thou Mr. Monitor, shalt continue for ever, most justly infamous and contemptible. * By this reasoning, it may be virtuous to make a Bargain, (on *his* Side infamous indeed) to purchase a bad Man out of an Employment, in which he was capable of doing much Mischieſ, and, perhaps, not unwilling to execute all the Mischieſ, of which

N O T E.

* I will not rob my future Criticks of the profit of some smart Remarks, or the pleasure of being severe, upon the change of persons in this, and another sentence, *thou shameless Perverter, &c.* I will not correct them. On the contrary, I wish, it could be of any advantage either to

them, or to their Criticisms, that I confess these errors did not proceed from carelessness or hasty of writing. Contempt and indignation will violently force their way through all the forms of Grammar-rules.

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he was capable. I only wish, that this Bargain had been made, ~~at~~
twenty times the Price, two years ago.

You begin your first Letter with a Declaration, that *all Artifices* are employed by the frenchified Faction to prevent the Restoration of those Counsellors, &c. If there is indeed any such Faction among us, detestable and impious Faction, who are employing their *Artifices* to support the Interests of France, why does not Mr. Monitor point them out to publick Vengeance? Such an important Service, done to your Country, would make attonement for ten thousand Mischiefs, either of Errour or Intention. Like the Pope's plenary Absolution, it would not only obtain a Pardon for all your own political Sins, past, present and to come, but for those of all your Party. Mr. Secretary would be forgiven his War; Mr. Alderman his Absurdities, and Sir James his having, how unfortunately! learned to write.

You know, Sir, the perfect Security, for you have tried it, with which, an Author may publish his Sentiments, or even the Falsehoods he has invented, with regard to Ministers and their political Measures. You have often venturously proved, how far the Licentiousnes of the Pres may be carried, with Impunity. Now vindicate its proper Liberty, which Heaven preserve to us and our Posterity! and shew what good effects it is capable of producing, when employed in supporting the general Liberties of our Country. A young adventurer in Politicks, like me, may be forgiven, if he shrinks at an appearance of Danger. But Mr. Monitor, the Guardian, the Champion of our civil and religious Rights; who has devoted himself to the Service of the Publick; can he be startled at the Threats of a Pillory? Would not Mr. P--- give up his War,
if

if it would convince the World of his Patriotism; would not Mr. B---- suffer us to keep Possession of Guadaloupe, though to the Prejudice of his Mother-Country; would not Sir James return to his Shop of pretty Books for Children, if they could prove their Zeal and Reverence for the Wisdom and Politicks their Com. C--- -1? *Illustri-
cous for ever be this Triumvirate; immortal be these Patriots in the Grati-
tude of their Country; but a still greater Glory be reserved for Mr.
Monitor, who shall crown the whole by dragging forth from Darkness
these Frenchified Villains, and giving them to the Justice of the
Nation.*

BUT Sir, how shall we deal with that other set of wretches, *in the Ministry, who could not bear to see him (Mr. Pitt) above their Heads, who grudged his Success, and loaded every Measure, to be ex-
ecuted, with such extraordinary Expences, that, in the nature of things,
they were certain, would exhaust our Finances, and bring him into cir-
cumstances, that would deprive him of the Glory of making an honour-
able Peace or drive him from the Helm of State.* In truth, Sir, if there was one, and only one, such dangerous, abandoned, profligate Minister, in the Cabinet Council, his Resignation is fully justified. What honest Man would live in such Company? But why did not our only patriotic Minister give this reason for resigning, either to his Sovereign, or to the Publick in his Letter? Has he given to your Paper the honour of publishing it, or have you discovered this infernal Crew by your own instinct, the sagacity of the blood-hound? Follow them then; pursue them (they are your proper game) and hound them to the Gallows or the Scaffold. Continue, Sir, to write. Even I will read another Monitor, for you have now found a Subject worthy of your Abilities, nor will I despair of your Success.

F

Your

Your natural lust of calumny shall now be satiated by an innocent, and honourable Indulgence, as some other lusts are gratified in the arms of matrimonial Virtue. Neither be terrified by the Menaces of Criticks, who have indeed often treated Mr. Monitor and his Works with very sufficient Contempt. In such a cause, as this, a little false Grammar, or false spelling shall be reckoned among your Printer's *errata*; self-contradictions shall be imputed to the hurry of your Zeal for the Publick; scurrility and ribaldry shall be called Genius and Fire; the necessity of forging new words shall be acknowledged, for, in truth, there are not any old ones in our Language, capable of expressing the indignation due to such an execrable Crew of Ministers, as you have exhibited to the View of the Publick.

YET seriously, Mr. Monitor, and, soberly, before your morning potation, can you really believe, there are such miscreants in the Ministry. I beg leave to ask the question not in a paltry suspicion of your veracity, but for the honour of our common Country; indeed, for the honour of human Nature. Besides, I must confess, I have sometimes found you, in the heat of argument, asserting the truth of facts, which afterwards appeared a little questionable. Even in the Paragraph, out of which I have made this tedious Quotation, there are some, *inconsiderable*, contradictions, not easily reconcileable either to reason, or matter of fact. You acknowledge the profusion of blood, and dissipation of Treasure in this War, but though *Mr. Pitt was able to raise any Sum of Money by his Influence over the People; his department in office confined him to plan and to guide.* If his department in office confined him to plan and to guide, his raising the supplies was, undoubtedly, extra-official. His department,

ment, or, in better English, his claim of planning and guiding has been proved to be an insult to the Constitution. Besides, was there not another Secretary, whose Department in Office entitled him to the same Privilege, of guiding; or did the Gentleman presume to be both the Secretaries of State, as he would have been the whole Cabinet-Council?

HOWEVER, was he either able, or did he really raise the Supplies, by his *Influence over the People*? I know not whom you mean by *the People*. In the general meaning of the word, they neither are, nor can be concerned in raising the Supplies, except by paying the Taxes, that are levied upon them to support an ill-judged, ruinous, continental War. The Money-Dealers, if they can be justly called *the People*, I fear, are very little sensible of the Gentleman's influencing Powers. Would they not prefer, in their Contracts, one single half per cent, to all his pompous Professions of Patriotism, or even that effusion of words, which never will again be called Eloquence? I think, I know a certain Gentleman, a special Friend to Government on these Occasions, who would rather sit down to one poor, single plate of Turtle, than to all the varieties in that *dubia cena*, the Feast of Oratory.

I HAVE only one Objection more, I confess of little Importance, to your Account of the Ministry; that you have charged them with Crimes, which however you may be convinced of their Inclinations, they were absolutely incapable of committing. The Disbursement of all publick Money, and the appointment of all Contractors, Agents, Inspectors, Controllers, Commissaries, &c. are in the Department of the Treasury, and the Members of this Board alone

are

are to be honoured or blamed for Economy or Profusion. But although I cannot enter, at present, into a detail-account of our Ex-pences in this destructive War; although it is a Subject too large for the remainder of this Paper, and in itself too important; yet, I shall here place this fatal, unavoidable Consequence of our continental Engagements; this acknowledged profusion of our national Treasure, in a light of Horrour, Execration and almost of Despair, in which an uninformed Publick hath never yet seen them.

THE Commander in chief of our Forces on the Continent has, for some time past, possessed himself, I shall not now inquireby whose Influence, of an unlimited, uncontroled and uncontrollable Power of the whole Wealth of Great Britain. He has delegated this Power, to Prussians and Germans, almost in exclusion of our British Commissaries. In vain did the Treasury form Schemes for the Administration of the Provision of the Army, that grand Article of Expence. The greatest, most lucrative, and in itself most important Part of that Administration has been conducted by Foreigners, without Commissions, or any other kind of Powers, from the Treasury, and, as we may reasonably presume, even without its Knowledge.

IN vain was a Director of Supplies appointed. The Army finds and feels most sensibly, that one Mafau, I know not by what Commission, is charged with the whole Conduct of those Supplies, and leaves to the British Director the only Power he does not desire to take out of his Hands, the Power of paying for them by drawing his Warrants upon this impoverished Nation.

• **T**HUS is Massau and his Prussians, and his Germans daily intrusted with Sumis of Money, which, 'till very lately, they could not have imagined, even in their Dreams, had existed in the whole World. In vain did the Treasury plan a System of Control, and for the Execution of it, send over a Gentleman, who had supported a much higher Character in the Service of his Country with Abilities and Integrity. This Gentleman, despairing of Success, and anxious for his Reputation, has desired, as it is said, to be recalled. In the same Despair, and the same anxiety for his good Name, the British Director, if I am not misinformed, has solicited his recall. A Gentleman, from whose Integrity, Steadiness and Perseverance, his Country might have expected, and really did expect, whatever good effects those Virtues in Busines could possibly produce.

HERE let me congratulate my Country upon two such instances of publick Virtue. These Gentlemen, in all fair appearance, when they desired to be recalled, were neither actuated by too high an idea of their own Importance ; by the fretfulness of disappointed Ambition, nor the presumption of extending the Powers of their Department, under the terms of inspecting, *guiding* or controlling. Though insulted, in the discharge of their duty, yet not intimidated, by Menaces, equally insolent as impotent, of the Duke's great Name, and of their being made answerable for the Success of the Campaign, they determined to resign their Employments, however lucrative, because they could not render them serviceable to their Country.

Such must for ever be the destructive consequences of this German War, while our Troops are commanded by a Foreigner,

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who

who cannot be supposed to feel any concern for the internal Interests of this Kingdom ; who must be determined, by natural Affection, to confide in, trust and employ his Countrymen. In vain, may the Treasury form the wisest Schemes of *Æconomy*, Frugality and Control. This Commander in chief is not amenable to the Laws of this Realm, nor punishable by its Justice, nor even subjected to the Inquiries of a Court-Martial, to which indeed these other Foreigners, this Massau, and his Prussians, are accountable. But what impartial Justice are we to expect from such a Court, in which the Judges and the Criminal are Prussians and Germans ? Yet there the Prosecution ends. Neither is the Criminal compellable, by our Laws, to refund, or even to account for his destructive Peculations ; nor are the Judges subject to the Vengeance of this plundered Nation. Thus are our Treasures ingulphed in *the dark, unbottom'd, infinite Abyss,* of Mr. P---'s War. May it be distinguished hereafter by this Gentleman's Name, that the Nation, while it suffers, almost to Ruin, the fatal consequences of these ill-judged continental Engagements, may stand acquitted to their Posterity of having any other share in this erroneous System of Politicks, than their having conceived too high an opinion of one Man's Abilities, and yielded too easy a belief to his promises and professions.

HERE the affrighted and enraged Briton cries aloud with Despair and Indignation, why did the Treasury intrust this Commander, and his Massau, with a Power, the utter horrour of our Constitution, and totally subversive of that Liberty, for which we are contending : a Power, which the wisdom of our Ancestors would not have yielded, even for a moment, to the best of Sovereigns ? Why is it not instantly recalled ? Why are not Englishmen, why are Foreigners,

reigners, intrusted with the Treasures of England? Who is this Massau? Who are these Prussians? Upon them, and upon their Honesty, shall our gallant Countrymen depend for their Subsistence? Is this the Balm, which Britain pours into her Soldier's Wounds? Is it thus, that she supports him under the fatigues of War in an unnatural, obdurate Climate? Is this the best Reward her gratitude a; points for his Intrepidity, his Fortitude, his Zeal for her Honour, and for the Glory of his Sovereign?

If were almost an impiety to our Country, to have repeated these Expressions, if they could not, with Truth, be contradicted; if Britain could not, with Truth, be vindicated from such Reproaches. The general character of this Nation, is that of Humanity and Goodnature.

IN the particular instance before us, she certainly beheld the Fatigues of her Soldiers with Compassion. She wept over their Wounds with the Anguish and Agonies of a Parent. That she has not been ungrateful to their Services, or inattentive to their Welfare, let the Supplies, which she hath raised for this pernicious War, be an incontestible Evidence. To what unhappy causes, therefore, shall we impute the deplorable effects of this War? To the Author of it. To the mistaken System of Politicks, which held, and still continues to hold for a Maxim, that America was only to be conquered in Germany. In direct opposition to this Maxim, I shall venture to assert, that if ever this Country be conquered, it must be conquered in Germany.

I REALLY do not mean to charge the Gentleman with any guiltiness of Intention. As he had unhappily founded his whole political

cal System upon this most erroneous Maxim, he was naturally determined to support it by every Art and Artifice ; by every Influence of his Eloquence, his Popularity and his Station. From this determination of his Understanding and his Judgment, every trivial, un consequential Advantage, gained over the Enemy, was made a new Subject of declamation ; exalted, by this Orator of words, into a Victory, and that Victory lighted up with Illuminations and Bonfires in our Streets, and then sent towards Heaven in Squibs and Sky-rockets. Even the Battle of Minden, where the steady Discipline, and intrepid Courage of the British Infantry, almost alone preserved their General from the disgrace of having been surprised, was honoured with a present of twenty thousand pounds, by the late King, and, with regard to its Importance, was preferred by our Orator, with much theatrical pomp of expression, to the Battle of Blenheim. Thus was the adoration of this golden Image proclaimed by the sound of words, and whoever did not fall down and worship it, was threatened with being thrown into the burning, fiery Furnace of popular Wrath and Clamour.

N O T E.

Let me not be suspected of a mean, unjust Design to injure the Duke's Reputation. I truly honour his Highness's military Abilities, and, while they are employed in the Service of my Country, I will pay all due respect to his Person. I cannot intend, as a Reproach, what he himself has generously acknowledged, that he was surprised. Turenne was surprised, and Luxembourg, more than

once. Even Cæsar, perhaps the greatest General in Antiquity, nobly confesses, that he was indebted for his Safety, upon an occasion of this Kind, to the Discipline, and Courage of his Troops. Yet, I own, I could not hear, without Indignation, the Battles of Minden and Blenheim, placed upon a Level, with regard to their own Importance, or the Abilities of their Commanders.

If my Readers are half as much tired of reading, which I have no great reason to doubt, as I am of writing, they will rejoice with me, when I tell them, I see Land. I may possibly resume, in some future paper, the subject of these last Paragraphs, and treat it, as it surely well deserves, with greater Attention. At present, I shall beg leave to deliver my opinion of a late Incident : a violent, unresisted, and indeed irresistible attack made upon your Hero, I might say, Heroes, for the worthy Alderman too, I believe, has resigned the exercise of his oratorial power. He has had his quietus given him by one Gentleman, while his and your Idol was demolished by another ; his Shrine defaced, and, as some tender-hearted Folks hold, rather too grossly profaned. Methinks, the Giants of Guildhall should have moved westward, in their doublets of Stone, to the Succour of their Fellow-Citizen and his *kind Friend*, in their distress. Never was Illustrious in a plight so woful. Not a single Creature in a large Assembly to defend, or, what he must have felt more sensibly, to admire him. Miserably insolent was his behaviour before this attack, and yet more miserably abject was his behaviour after it. *Alas! poor Yorick! where be your gibes now; your flashes of Merriment, that went to set the Assembly on a Roar? No one now to mock your own jeering! quite clap-fallen!*

THE charge, it is confessed, was as irresistible, as impetuous, and all defence was impossible. It was formed upon the inconsistencies of the Honourable Person's political character ; upon his various junctions with every faction and every party, that hath risen in Court or Country, since he came into the World of Ambition ; upon his continental and anti-continenal Engagements ; upon the profligate contradiction, in his actions, to the most solemn appeals

to Heaven, within the power of words to express, in attestation of his Integrity, his Virtue, his Love for his Country. *Let us all be Brothers in Virtue; Brothers in the Love of our Country.* These appeals were considered, as dictated by a Spirit of Ambition, and intended as Engines to promote its future purposes; consequently, could have no more intentional sincerity, when they were uttered, than they have had, since that time, either force or influence upon his conduct. Here the place was not only weak in itself, but totally unprovided of defence. An attack therefore, must have succeeded, although it had not been managed by so able a Warrior, so terrible an assailant. Hopeless of succours, deserted by his Friends, and abandoned by himself, he silently yielded to a Force, he was unable to resist. He resigned his ministerial, magisterial, guiding Spirit. He resigned the Glories, (perhaps alas! the destructive Glories) of his Administration; he resigned his continental Engagements; his Declaration of War against Spain; his Expeditions against the Coast of France, and his *important* Conquest of Belleisle. He bequeathed his Honesty to ——, who has lately declared himself a Bankrupt; his Modesty to Mr. —— who may now become famous for blushing; and his Patriotism to Lord —— who hath squandered away a rich Inheritance of this antique Virtue, which descended to him from his Ancestors. * The poor Man reserved nothing for himself, but his Pension. He would indeed have prayed, if with the repentant King in Hamlet, he could have endured the Reflexion,

N O T E.

* As soon as the Gentleman's will is registered, I shall be authorised to fill up these Blanks.

Can I be pardon'd, yet retain the Offence,
 My Pension, my Ambition and my Peerage,
 For which I did the Murder?

He departed this political Life on Friday sevennight, nor did any thing extraordinary happen after his Decease, except a low murmur of dislike amongst some of the too-goodnatured Members of the Assembly, who seemed, for some few moments, to think, that he had been most unmercifully treated by a certain *bloody-minded Colonel*; and the dead Hector, mangled and dragged in the Dirt, was not looked upon with an Eye of Pleasure, even by the Greeks.

WHAT then! is Mr. P---; the proud, vainglorious Mr. P---; that Genius of Insolence and Abuse, so fallen, as to become an object of Compassion, even to his Enemies? Let them, however, who have this over-abundant Commiseration for him; let them recollect, the Triumphs of his Insolence on the ninth of last November; let them remember, who insulted, and who was then insulted. If they honour the Virtues of their Sovereign, or love his Person, will not their Pity give place to their Indignation; and the gallant Officer, who so roughly handled this Presumptuous, be esteemed, not blamed, for having so zealously and so effectually done his Duty?

I MUST now return to my Drudgery, and wait upon Mr. Monitor. I have undertaken the miserable Labour, and am therefore obliged to ask, although I perfectly well know what answer, I am to receive (the repeated asseveration of a Falsehood) what you would be supposed to mean by ---- *There*, in the Cabinet Mr. Pitt

reserved

*reserved no Secret; acknowledged; he delivered his Conscience; some-
what doubtful; and resigned all his Interest; in Truth, no mighty
Resignation; rather than patronize a Measure, which he was tho-
roughly persuaded would injure his king and country.* * Whence is
this new Charge against the Ministry? Mr. Pitt, by your own
Confession, reserved no Cabinet Secrets; let him therefore once
more violate, nobly violate! the sacred Engagements under which
he entered into that Council, by naming the pernicious Adviser
of such a Measure. Why was it not mentioned in that most in-
judicious Letter ever written to the Publick? In truth, because no
Measure of any kind, was at that time proposed; for none was
necessary. Except an unanimous Refusal to *patronize*, according to
your very accurate Spelling, a Project, in itself most unjustifiable;
a Project, that would have remained an eternal Stain on the good
Faith and Honour of this Nation, can be called proposing a
new Measure.

But, *so it seems*, I am not a Member of the Cabinet Council,
and therefore it follows, in strict unavoidable Conclusion, thou
very excellent Reasoner! that whatever I have repeated from
that Board, is merely *Fiction*. I heartily wish, that I could join
with you in this Conclusion, and were able to write such a Fic-
tion, as the Speech of my Lord President. There is not a better
in his own Demosthenes. But for greater certainty in asserting
what you do not know; you have boldly pronounced that I am

N O T E.

* Here we have the Name of Mr.
PITT, as in all other places, printed
with the Dignity of Capital Letters,

while the *left awful Names of king and
country are not honoured with even one
single Capital in either,*

a Player;

a Player ; a profligate Player. If I may be permitted to guess at the Person, at whom this mean, illiberal Revenge is aimed, (for you are still sore of the Wounds, that Gentleman has given you) I should think myself honoured, as a Man of Genius, by his having been imagined the Writer of my last Pamphlet. Was ever the Author of any of your Writings, Mr. Monitor, so honourably mistaken ? Or, when I consider how many, very many Requisites are absolutely necessary to form the Character of a Player, which would singly do honour to any other Profession, shall I be ashamed, thou most injudicious Reviler, of such a Profession ? A well proportioned Form, an Eye, or, rather an Eyebrow, expressive of all the Passions, from absolute Despair even to the Infidelity of Hope, and the rapturous Exultation of Enjoyment ; an intimate Knowledge of the Human Heart, and all its Powers ; a Voice , naturally strong , clear , melodious, and harmonised by Art to all the various modulations of which it is capable, are to be numbered among the meanest Requisites, that form this amiable and useful Profession. If I had not been deterred by Tully, I should have imagined, that Action (the Language of the Body to express the meanings of the Soul) might be reckoned among these natural Qualifications. However, the sensibility, and finer feelings of the heart flow from the source of Nature, though necessarily to be checked in the extreme, and controlled by Judgment, and Discretion. An accurate and critical Knowledge of all the Theatres, ancient and modern, with all their Authors, can only give us an imperfect Idea of Excellence in a Player. Shall I, then, be ashamed, thou most injudicious Reviler ! of such a Profession ?

BUT why has Mr. Monitor's Sagacity pronounced me to be a Player? Because I have charged his Hero with weeping? Tell me, Ignorance, do not all the Heroes of Antiquity, weep? The stern, inexorable Achilles; the pious Æneas (perhaps, once too often) the Devil himself, in Milton, does not he shed tears—*tears, such as Angels weep?* The good Man weeps for Calamities which, he cannot redrefs. The brave Man weeps with Indignation for wrongs, which he cannot resent; the full Heart weeps, it is Nature's Indulgence to her beloved Virtue, in Gratitude to its Benefactor. And such tears, thou vile Perverter of Nature's Bounty to Mankind, are such tears a dishonour to Mr. Pitt? Even at this moment, I could weep for him, that since he is unable to write for himself (his Faculties, no doubt, have been engaged, however unsuccessfully, in more important Studies) he never in his long course of Ministry provided for one Man of Genius (strange proof his own) who might now assist him in this uttermost distress. But you, Mr. Monitor, never wept. I dare believe, you might truly say, with the Slave in Plautus, *pumiceos oculos habeo*, and give his pleasant reason, and not untrue for *these Eyes of Flint, nostrum genus semper siccoculum fuit*, which for your use I shall venture to translate, *I was born of a dry-eyed Generation*; there were no Heroes in his Family.

SHALL I now presume to guess at your Occupation and Profession? To me you appear to be a poor Curate — believe me, Sir, I do not speak in Derision of by far the most useful and valuable Part of our Clergy, whose Institution I revere — but, to me you appear to be a poor Curate, who, while his wealthy, luxurious Rector is humbly soliciting his M—y, or his Ministers, that he may not be compelled to Episcopise, is piously employed in collecting the Sins of his Parish, *Malice, Hatred, Inveteracy, Falsehood,*

hood, private Animosity, and then publishes them — I confess the Difference — the Day after Saturday. The good Man, indeed, utters these words, which he abhors, in christian Zeal, and the Sense of his Duty; while Mr. Monitor, thou impious Corrupter of things sacred! profanes, and even blasphemeth the divinely inspired Writings, by applying their Texts to the execrable Purposes of Lying, Slander and Defamation.

HERE, Mr. Monitor, I take my last, everlasting Farewel of you and your Works. Let me only beg you will believe me, when I profess myself, with all due Respect and Esteem,

YOUR &c.

P. S. I do acknowledge, with much Humiliation of Spirit, that I have read a Pamphlet, entitled A FULL VINDICATION OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WM. PITT and WM. BECKFORD, Esqrs. How the last of these Gentlemen, may it prove ominous of his future Dignity! became entitled to the Style of Right Honourable, I know not. I shall only pray to the Powers, who preside over weak Heads and bad Hearts, that my Enemies may never write better. The Gentleman says it is printed for the Author. I verily believe him. I once knew a very worthy Clergyman, who lost a pocket Volume of manuscript Sermons. He ordered them to be Advertised, and offered a small Reward for finding them, with this modest *nota bene*, THAT THEY WERE OF NO USE, BUT TO THE AUTHOR.

F I N I S,

E R R A T A.

- Page 4. For *contray*, read *contrary*
- P. 11. After the word *written*, *r.* this Letter
- P. 13. After, *granted* *r.* if not denied
- P. 24. For *of r.* over.



